

15¢

AUGUST

1957

# HUMBUG

CDC

**THE END  
OF THE  
WORLD  
IS  
COMING**

ONLY TEN BILLION YEARS LEFT. WHILE  
WAITING, READ HUMBUG FOR LAUGHS.

have you a taste for luxury?



## do say du MOIRIER

DO SAY DEW • MWAR • EE • ZNR

when only the best will do

Aging mellows tobacco. And du Moirier's extraordinary tobaccos age for years in wooden casks...maturing slowly, leisurely after which they are taken and shaped into tiny little letters which are put together to spell du Moirier cigarettes.

Do say du Moirier

DO SAY DEW • MWAR • EE • GLS



du Moirier cigarettes, a product of Brown & Smith Tobacco Corporation

SMOKE IT SILENTLY 125 B&S KING SIZE 100 B&S KING SIZE

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# HUMBUG



EDITOR / HARVEY KURTZMAN    MANAGER / HARRY CHESTER    STAFF ART / JACK DAVIS, WILL ELDER, AL JAFFEE, I EDIT!  
ARNOLD ROTH I EDIT I    CONTRIBUTORS / KEN ENGLUND, ED FISHER, IRA WALLACH, WALLY WOOD.

## HERE WE GO AGAIN

Harvey Kurtzman  
598 Madison Avenue  
New York, N.Y.

Dear Harvey:

I have been an avid fan of yours for about 6 years and have followed your antics through "Mad" and "Trump [magazines] . . . One has announced [temporary suspension], and in

the case of "Mad" has evolved to the hands of some other editorship . . .

The big question is one which may be plaguing you too. What are you going to do now . . . ? I'd hate to think that I would not be able to pore over the artistic inanities of Bill [Elder], or laugh at the big-footed creations of

Jack [Davis]. I sincerely hope that your plans do not follow the recent trend — 10¢, 25¢, 50¢. I like your stuff, but as a school teacher, I can't afford to keep up with you at the rate you are becoming High Class. Whatever you decide to do, please don't go into hiding, get some other nut to publish your stuff and

*continued*



Harvey Kurtzman



Will Elder



Jack Davis

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Al Jaffee



Arnold Roth



Wally Wood



see if you can't last until the public is educated enough to appreciate your brand of humor. (They have dropped Bob and Ray, too — have all sponsors gone insane??)

... Why don't you and Bill, and Jack, and Wally [Wood] go back to comics? It may not be as much fun as "Adult Humor" but you'll probably sell a heck of a lot more rags. If you do, or even if you go in for something else, you can assure yourself of the Robert's family kicking in for one copy of whatever your efforts may be.

Good luck, write if you get work.

John C. Roberts  
Wheatridge, Colo.

We'll tell you what we're going to do now, Mr Roberts.

We don't believe in standing still and letting the grass grow under our feet! Oh no! We're going to spring into action, Mr. Roberts! We're going to hustle on down to that Unemployment Insurance office for money.

After that, we're going to hustle back to work on our latest magazine, HUMB-BUG.

Humbug will be a crusading magazine. We will tackle important national issues such as Should the Mayflower Replica be Allowed to Land in the U.S., and Fluoridation—the Red Conspiracy.

Humbug will be a responsible magazine. We won't write for morons. We won't do anything just to get laughs. We won't be dirty. We won't be grotesque. We won't be in bad taste. We won't sell any magazines.

All kidding aside, you'll find Jack Davis, Will Elder, Al Jaffee, Arnold Roth and Wally Wood (excellent cartoonists) here. And you'll find our usual brand of satire.

We enjoy receiving mail, and we'd like to start a letter column. So please write and tell us what you think of HUMBUG.

—Harvey Kurtzman  
editor

#### ADVERTISEMENT



#### IS THAT WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, OLD TIMER?

Can't get your MAD books? Didn't know that all the MAD books contain K-X<sup>9</sup> (a secret ingredient emitted only by the tiny brain of Harvey Kurtzman)? Don't cry, old timer. Send your \$.70 to Ballantine Books, 101 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.—we'll send you both The MAD Reader and Inside MAD. But hurry!





Archie-Mae... will you quit complaining about me sleeping in mah crib!

It ain't so much the crib, Doll-Baby... it's sterilizing the bottles an' folding the diapers that rags me!

# DOLL-BABY

Here is part of a movie that owes its success to exciting screen-play, brilliant direction, talented acting and Cardinal Spellman. The way the story goes is, Doll-Baby is married to Archie-Mae who has burned down rival cotton-gin of Silva Lasagna. The ensuing plot is built around Lasagna's proving Archie-Mae was the arsonist... which nobody really cares about since they are busy watching the following hot scenes.



Here's yo' coke fo' breakfas, Doll-Baby.

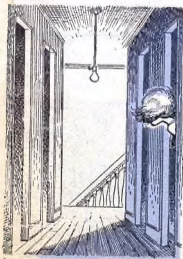
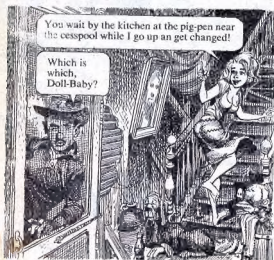
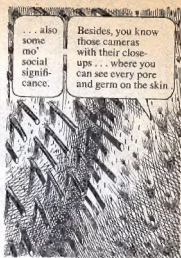
Here come Mr. Lasagna. Truck out another soda straw, Auntie Wierdie, an' le's invite him to breakfas'.

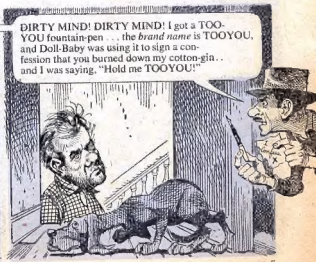
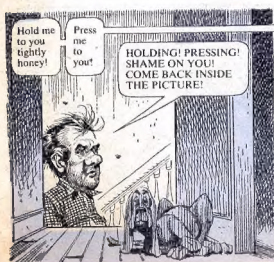
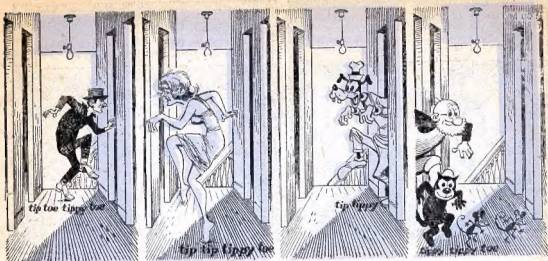


Hey, Doll-Baby... is that your breakfast? A coke? Now you shouldn't have a coke for breakfast!

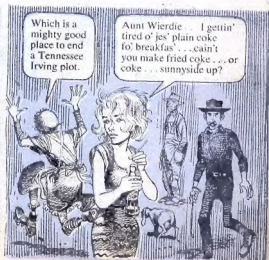
You should have a pepsi! Twice as much for a nickel too!

Mister Lasagna... you so smart!









*Although Southerners speak perfect English, residents of other parts of the U. S. unfortunately don't. Ironically, these sloppy talkers from elsewhere complain, while visiting the South, they can't understand*

*the clear accents of the natives. To remedy this deplorable situation Ashley Cooper, columnist of The Charlestown News and Courier has compiled a Dictionary, a sample of which we present herewith.\**

## EXCERPTS FROM A SOUTHERN DICTIONARY

### ~ A ~

**ABODE**—A wooden plank.

**AIR**—What you hear with, i.e. "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your airs."

### ~ B ~

**BALKS**—A container, such as a match balks.

**BALL**—To heat a liquid until it bubbles.

**BECKON**—Meat from a pig, often eaten with a-igs for brake-fuss.

**BRAID**—What you make to-est from, to go along with beckon and a-igs for brake-fuss.

**BULL**—Nickname for William. (Another nickname: Woolly)

### ~ C ~

**CHESS**—A strong balks (box).

**COAT**—Where they got that jedge an' all, i.e., "Stannup for hizzoner, coat's in session."

**CUP**—A place called home by hens, i.e., "Where's Woolly? Woolly's payntin' the hen cup."

### ~ F ~

**FAINTS**—A barricade of wood or brick.

**FLOW**—What you stand on in a house.

**FRUSTRATE**—Tops; initial ranking.

### ~ G ~

**GRANITE**—Conceded, or given, i.e., "he was granite a pardon by the gouv-ner."

**GROAN**—Increasing in size.

### ~ H ~

**HAIL**—The abode of integrationists, some damyankees and other evil spirits.

**HALO**—A greeting similar to "how do you do," (See Higher) i.e., "Halo, Woolly, what are you doing hanging around here?" "Higher, Bubber, I'm just hanging around for the hail of it."

**HELL**—An elevation lower than a mountain.

**HEPCAT**—Act of giving assistance to a feline.

**HIGHER**—See Halo.

### ~ L ~

**LACK**—Enjoy, i.e., "I lack fried chicken."

**LAYMAN**—A fruit from which layman-ade is made, i.e., "Is that your layman-ade?" "No, that's pappa's-zone." "Well, poet back in the pitcher, cause Pappa's now drinking bare."

**LUCK**—To direct one's gaze, i.e., "Luck year, Pappa, what Bubber did to your match balks."

### ~ P ~

**PAIN**—A writing instrument mightier than the sword.

**PLAY IT**—Something you eat grits off of.

**POET**—To transfer a liquid, i.e., "Poet from the pitcher to the glass."

**PRE-SHADE**—Grateful for, i.e., "I pre-shade the compliment."

### ~ S ~

**SEX**—One less than seven, two less than eh-et, three less than noine, foe less than tin.

**SNOW**—To breathe loudly and heavily while sleeping.

### ~ T ~

**TIN SIN STOW**—The foive and doyme.

**TONE**—Ripped.

**TUCK**—Removed.

### ~ V ~

**VERSION**—The kind of Queen that Queen Elizabeth I was.

**VERTIGO**—What happened to HIM?

### ~ W ~

**WRETCHED**—The long name for the nickname "Dick".

### ~ Y ~

**YAWL**—Mode of address used by N'Yawks when visiting in the South.

**YUK COME**—Someone approaches, i.e., "Yuk come Romeo."



"Sblood!" cried Guise.  
 "How now, Guise," answered Warren—  
 "God wot!" retorted the Earl.  
 "Marry!" laughed Warren in rejoinder.

## AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE

*which breathes life into a little known episode in English history*

# THE KEEPER of the GELDED UNICORN

BY IRA WALLACH

"A HOGSHEAD OF FINE WINE!"

The barmaid, her eyes wide with admiration, looked at the man who had shouted his order with such an air of confident gaiety. He was tall, lean, with broad shoulders, slender hips, eyes that blazed like live coals, dark unruly hair, and a twinkle in the corner of a mouth which could, at times, be stern enough to strike terror into the hearts of the greatest swordsmen on the Continent and in very England itself.

"Come, maid, God wot, 'sblood, marry!" he called. "Did you not hear me, maid? A hogshead of fine wine!" He pinched her lightly and took her to bed, after which she brought the wine, her eyes tender and moist with devotion.

Two public letter writers whispered in a corner. Outside, the cry of the fishwives could be heard over the shouts of the children laughing and clapping as the dancing bear performed in the streets thick with cutpurses.

The barmaid slipped into the kitchen where her father awaited. "Who is that young gentleman of noble mien, father?" she asked.

Old Robin, keeper of the inn, took one look and gasped. "The Keeper of the Gelded Unicorn!" he whispered. "The finest sword in England! 'Tis said he was born a foundling and raised in the court of the Duc D'Ambert who lacked a son. The streets of London are paved with the hearts he has broken, cemented by the blood he has spilled. But he is ever a friend to the poor, and a sworn enemy to Guise, the Earl of Essence!"

The barmaid's eyes filled with limpid tears.

"Then he is not for me, father!"

Old Robin shook his head sadly. "God wot, no, daughter," he said. "Good Brogo, the blacksmith's half-witted son, will make you a fine husband."

At that moment Guise, the Earl of Essence, successor to many proud titles, strode into the inn, followed by his retinue. Guise might have been called handsome had not cruelty, avarice, and dissipation left their telltale marks.

The barmaid hastened to serve him. Guise narrowed his eyes. "A fine ankle," he murmured. His courtiers smoked as Guise fondled the barmaid. In a moment a shining blade lay across the table.

"Aha! Wouldst cross blades now, my lord Guise?"

Guise looked up into a pair of burning eyes. "Your time will come, Warren of Hastings," he spat, addressing the Keeper of the Gelded Unicorn by his true name, known only to those few who suspected from his demeanor that in his blood ran the cold skill of the English, the wild ferocity of the Scotch border chiefs, the lilting carefree spirit of the Irish, and the soft and murmurous tenderness of the Latin.

Abruptly, Guise rose and left with his retinue. The barmaid approached the table and put her hand timidly upon that of Warren of Hastings. "You should not have done it, my lord," she murmured.

He snapped his fingers. "What if I do start the Thirty Years' War!" he exclaimed in his carefree manner.

*continued on page 31*



# BIRD WATCHERS GUIDE

*An indispensable chart of feathered creatures*



*American Bald Eagle*

(HOLE IN DAIRY)

*Range:* Pennsylvania, Washington, D. C. and neighboring links *Habitat:* Farms, White-Houses, etc. *Identification:* Though likeable, often lacks direction in flight Constant smile sort of engenders confidence. Great favorite of women and children Not quite totally bald though.



*Secretary Bird*

(GULLES) (GROSS RAY D. M. S.)

*Range:* Anywhere to everywhere. *Habitat:* Air-planes, trains, buses, etc. *Identification:* Tail feathers badly bruised. Hard to observe and understand. Feathers nests of many birds.



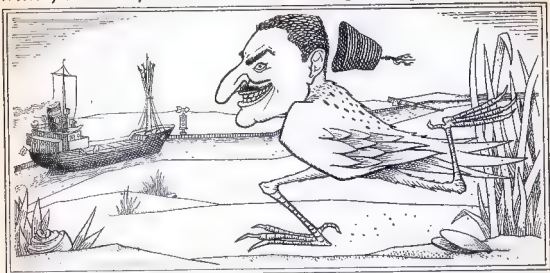
*English Wren*

(SIC (R) TRANSIT BRITANNIA)

*Range:* Thames River to Bermuda. *Habitat:* Drafty Parliamentary halls. *Identification:* Limited in flights and fancies. At present has all its (defensive) eggs in one basket.

# FOR HUMBUGIANS<sup>™</sup>

with familiar faces and nomes de plumage.

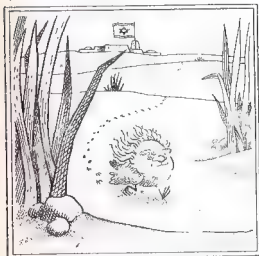


## *Cotton-Pickin' Desert Hawk*

(LIP'S RAVENOUS)

Range: Anywhere but France, Britain and Israel. Habitat: Artificial waterways.

Identification: Claylike feet and Russian arms. Loves to lay an egg in other bird's nest. Has on occasion, been known to eat Crow. Has kept feathers intact regardless of previous tarrings.



## *White-Chested Cat-Piper*

(SHEH WIC VELERI)

Range: Very limited (of necessity). Habitat: Small, sandy area. Identification: Though favorite for carnivorous desert hawks, this bird is really a fierce fighter when provoked.



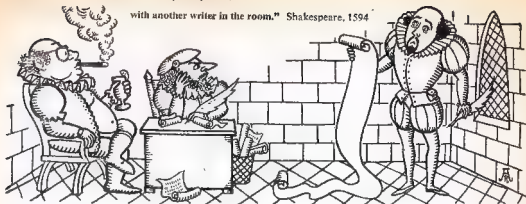
## *Cuban Condor*

(BAT STA SANGU HARY)

Range: Armored limousines to palatial bastions. Habitat: Midst milk and honey atop dynamite. Identification: Seemingly insatiable appetite. Reduces to carrion anything in its way.

"Never tell a story to a producer

with another writer in the room." Shakespeare, 1594



## A CANDID VIEW of Wm. SHAKESPEARE AT WORK

BY KEN ENGLUND

*From a study of his work, it is clear that people in Shakespeare's time were basically the same as today. To dramatize this point Ken Englund has reconstructed a probable scene of how Shakespeare might have sold a story plot to a producer in 1593.*

SIR MILTON: Bill, tell the story to Francis. Francis, see what we might salvage out of this.

FRANCIS: Now, fellows, I am just here for laughs, but I'll be glad to throw in whatever I can. (*He lights pipe*) God knows it would hardly be fair for me to get anything out of this. What's your notion, Bill?

BILL: Well, this Danish Prince—

SIR MILTON: Or Irish, Francis, they're a jollier race. I don't want you boys to be tied down to anything.

BILL: Anyway, I call him Hamlet—

FRANCIS: (*Pulling on his pipe thoughtfully*) Hmmm—

BILL:—sees a—

SIR MILTON: Wait, Bill. You had a thought Francis. What was it? That's what I want, reactions.

FRANCIS: It's nothing that we can't fix—

SIR MILTON: What?

FRANCIS: Nothing, except Hamlet isn't an Irish name. I just throw that in for what it's worth.

BILL: Anyway, the ghost of Hamlet's father appears and tells his son of his murder—

*As we look in at the office of Sir Milton, the producer, Will Shakespeare is in a story conference with Sir Milton while Francis Bacon, the producer's nephew who has been brought in to act as a "sounding board", sits off to one side listening.*

FRANCIS: Wait, this isn't the old Icelandic saga about the son avenging his father's murder?

BILL: (*Feebly*) I thought I had a new treatment of it.

FRANCIS: Oh, but Billy. You can't use that hackneyed revenge angle. You can't palm it off as a Norse legend again no matter how you disguise it—

SIR MILTON: I've only been trying to tell him that for a half hour.

FRANCIS: Why not build on the one fresh element we've got—the Irish nobleman?

BILL: (*Completely broken*) It—might be something—

SIR MILTON: Is there anything in "Othello" we could use? We own it.

*Shakespeare pretends he has to leave the room and hides outside till Francis leaves after which Bill returns to his seat where he sits hunched over facing Sir Milton, and ad libs from a rough manuscript.*

BILL: . . . Oh I die, Horatio, the potent poison quite orecrowes my spirit,

*(As Sir Milton listens, he rubs his hand over his face, opening his mouth wide — a nervous habit)*

I cannot live to hear the news from England, but I do prophesize the election lights

*(Sir Milton breathes a depressed sigh, morosely nibbles at grapes)*

On Fortinbras, he has my dying voice, so tell him with the occurrents more or less, which have solicited. *(Pause)*

The rest is silence. *(Looks up)* He dies

*(Through this, Sir Milton, startled, studies Bill sharply)*

Horatio: Now cracks a noble heart—I'm just ad libbing—I'll polish later—

*(Through this, Sir Milton opens a desk drawer, takes out a bottle of eye-wash and an eye-dropper, tilts his head back and puts drops in)*

Good night, sweet Prince, and flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest

*(Bill looks up—explains lamely)*

Anyway—Fortinbras with the English Ambassador, comes in for a tag I'm working out—and I give Fortinbras the last speech.

*(reads)*

Let four Captains bear Hamlet—

SIR MILTON: *(Looks up, frowning)* Who?

BILL: Hamlet—*(hastily)*—but it can be any name—*(reads)* \*

Bear Hamlet—*(to producer)* for now—Hamlet *(reads)* like a soldier to the stage, for he was likely, had he been put on to have proved most royally—

*(Sir Milton, fidgety, toys with mirror, glances into it, examines face, teeth, tongue)*

And for his passage, the soldier's music and the rites of war speak loudly for him.

*(Sir Milton rises, turns over his seat cushion, sits)*

Take up the bodies, such a sight as this becomes the field,

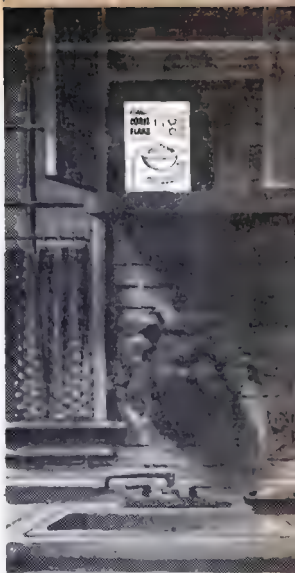
*(Sir Milton doodles with quill pen thoughtfully)*

But here shows much amiss. Go, bid the soldiers shoot . . . Then they exit marching, after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.

*(He finishes, waiting for Sir Milton's reaction. The producer keeps staring down at desk, unaware the story is over. He looks up, reacts, then after a thoughtful pause . . .)*

SIR MILTON: Bill, what would you think about working with another writer?

END



## CEREAL BOXES

*That box of cereal on the kitchen shelf is a familiar sight in any American home, but how many people actually take the time to note what's printed on these boxes? We did and . . . YEGADS!*



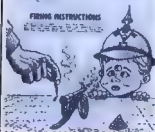
CEREAL BOX OPENED AND FLATTENED OUT TO  
*the cereal box is no longer a container, but a medium of communication; in fact, a publication*

# CORN FLAKE

## INSTRUCTION FOR ASSEMBLING CANNON



## FIRING INSTRUCTIONS



Need scissors to cut out all these things?  
 Tear out this coupon and send with one dollar  
 top and one dollar to BRYNE GREEN, MICHIGAN

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (Please print)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ (Please print)

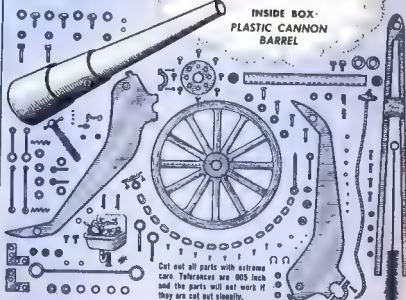
\*If you can't print send to \$200 box here and  
 \$20 for a typewriter

*Allan Jaffer*

# Kellogg's CORN FLAKE

NOT THE ORIGINAL *Kellogg's*

A full color reproduction of our box (see  
 above with letters two feet high) will be  
 sent you for one box top and one dollar



## REAL SHOOTING CANNON

INSIDE BOX  
PLASTIC CANNON  
BARREL

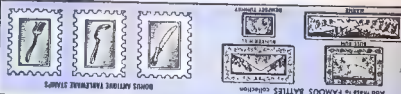
Cut out all parts with extreme  
 care. Tolerances are .005 inch  
 and the parts will not work if  
 they are cut out sloppily.



## REAL DEED TO ONE MILE OF TEXAS

(One mile long by one sixteenth of an inch wide)

Restrictive covenants must be obeyed. The following rights  
 are not included in this offer: Voting, mineral, grazing,  
 otherwise landowner is entitled to the full use of her/his  
 described property



Add these to FAMOUS BATTLES collection

TOOLS FOR THE ASSEMBLING  
AND SERVICING OF CANNON

# SHOW ALL PRINTED SURFACES

Small box folds into big box and contains such items as lucky rabbit's feet, treasure maps, sleds, roller skates, bikes, Thunderbirds, etc.

SECRET  
SURPRISE

Sorry we can't shut out kids in this big book because they goes here to find out together

M DGET CLASSICS  
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

Voyage to Lilliput  
Chapter III



## Kellogg's CORN FLAKE

### RECIPE . CORNBALL BANG

Soak the flakes overnight in milk. Then drain by squishing between fingers. Fill the cannonball mould with this mush and bake in 230° oven for eight hours. Result will be three shell-hard cannonballs. Can be shot from your assembled cannon.



SPECIAL  
OFFER

TWO BOX  
TOPS AND TWO  
DOLLARS

GENUINE  
REPRODUCTION  
CANNONBALL MOULD

SUFFERING FROM PAINFUL  
IRREGULARITY  
try  
INSTANT BRAN

Caution: Be soaked before using

To insure freshness this box is made of THERMOPLANE cardboard with the dead air space between to insure further freshness each flake is individually dropped in wet

## Kellogg's CORN FLAKE

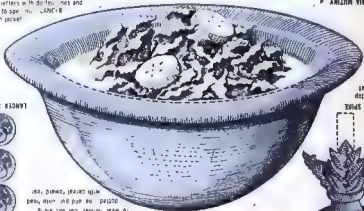
NOT THE ORIGINAL Kellogg's

Cut out letters with dotted lines and arrange to spell out JUNE 18 Paste on jacket

LANCER SECTION



To see helmet cut out along dotted line and glue to back of page, pinned with push pins



HELMET VISION THROU  
be glued to front

HELMET SPIKE  
glue to top  
of helmet



CAPTAIN CORNUST



CONTINUED ON NEXT MONTH'S BOX

PINUP OF THE MONTH *five for pinning up in track*



ONTI-4 five for playing up to 170005



BIG DAVE BECK

\$320,000 worth





## MOVIES

### LAST DAYS OF COMBAT...and "you know who" gets killed.

If we stay in  
this mudhole  
another day,  
I'll go nuts!

You've been here  
five months— doesn't  
it bother you,  
old Jones?

Not me. Tomorrow  
my enlistment  
is up and I'm  
going home!

I need three  
men to go  
on a mission



### OFF TO INDIA...and "you know who" gets killed.

So this is your young nephew  
who is joining my regiment,  
eh, Sir Flaversham?

And his bride, Pitty—just married  
and the regiment sails at dawn

Captain: You  
will take  
care of Peter?

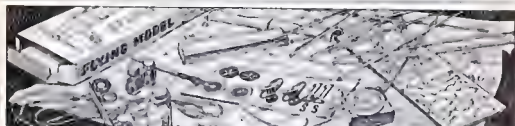
I've been fair itching  
to have a go at those  
Fuzzy Wuzzies, Sir!



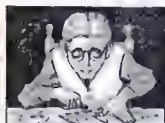
# MODEL MAKING

Model making used to be a form of torture that young boys were subjected to years ago. Model kits contained only the basic raw materials and simple instructions. Every single part had to be fashioned completely

by hand. Many years of painful and frustrating work went by before a lad could come up with anything that was worthwhile looking. However, thanks to industry, things are much nicer today as we shall see on the following pages.



Old fashioned model kits contained many tools and materials for fashioning all kinds of complicated parts.



There was lots of cutting



and the pinning.



and bamboo bending.



and propeller carving



and piano wire pushing,



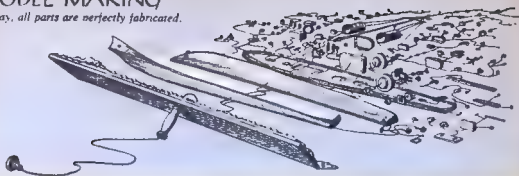
and piano wire twisting



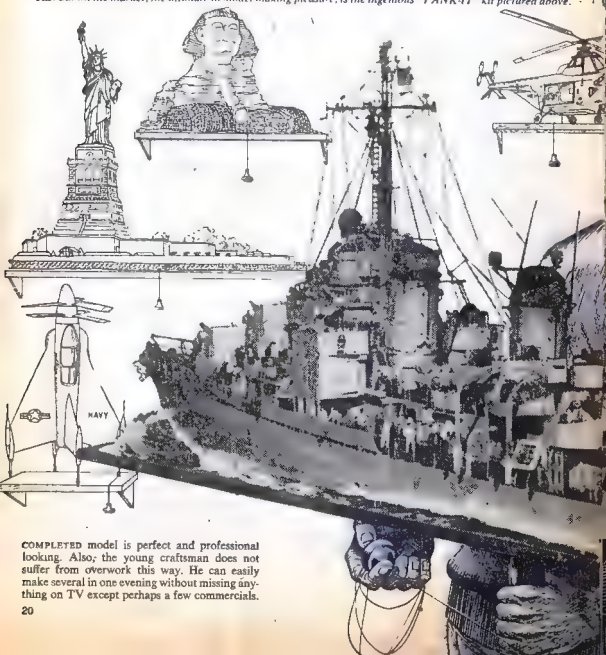
And so, after many years of hard work, a lad would have a home made looking piece of work.

## MODEL MAKING

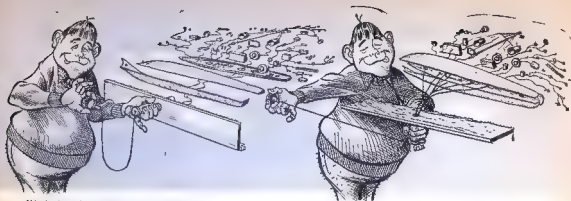
*Today, all parts are perfectly fabricated.*



*Just out on the market, the ultimate in model making pleasure, is the ingenious "YANK-IT" kit pictured above.*



COMPLETED model is perfect and professional looking. Also; the young craftsman does not suffer from overwork this way. He can easily make several in one evening without missing anything on TV except perhaps a few commercials.



*With this cleverly constructed kit the young craftsman need only give one good yank and all parts fly into place.*



*Raffae*





# BASEBALL

BY JACOB "JUKES" MARLEY, SPORTS EDITOR

*Hi again, sportsfans! Well, it seems many of you thought my predictions last year were a bit awry, so I thought I'd wait until this season was slightly under-way before making any more guesses! So, yours truly is sticking his neck out again, but I don't mind 'cause, sportsfans, I've stuck my neck out before and I can still swallow (heh, heh), with difficulty, sportsfans.*

***I pick these individuals to cop the headlines by hook and/or crook!***

Going out on a limb, I pick the N.Y. Yankees in the American League. Devout Manager Casey Stengel says, "As usual, we're short on talent so all I can do is hope for some help from above."



Pre-Game Devotion



Base Thievery

Ted Kluszewski (Cincinnati N.L.) says, "This season I shall steal as many bases as I please

and no jury will ever convict me!" But my prediction He'll get 3 to 5 years medium labor.

Be ready for another four-way trade between Brooklyn (N.L.), Giants (N.L.), Look (Mag.) and Chock-Full-O'-Nuts (N.Y.C.)



Irving Rackem

Biggest winner will be Irving Rackem, poolroom proprietor, who will bet on the Yankees to win the Pennant, World Series and next presidential election.



Future Map of Future U.S.

I predict Kansas City (A.L.) will trade its entire team, farm system and (for use as a new stadium) the state of Kansas (U.S.A.) for Robin Roberts who will object since he is owned by the Phillies (N.L.)

## Here's how they'll

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. New York Yankees
2. New York Yankees
3. New York Yankees
4. New York Yankees
5. New York Yankees
6. New York Yankees
7. New York Yankees
8. (Tie) Boston, Detroit  
Baltimore, Washington  
Chicago, K. C. Cleveland

# PREDICTIONS

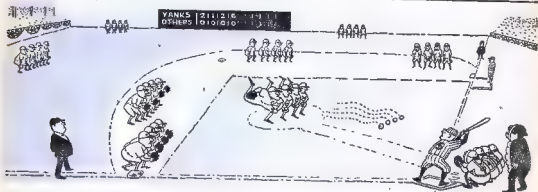
The 1957 National League Pennant will be made of material culled from old Cincinnati (N.L.) uniform sleeves.

The National League Cincinnati Redlegs' legs are not really red.



The Fleming Cup

Although Ted Williams (Boston, A.L.) set an extremely torrid pace last year, I predict that 'Gabby' Hayes (M.G.M.) will not only surpass Williams but will splatter all former records, and ring up some new ones.



The First Game of the 1957 World Series

The four-way-dead-heat for the N.L. bunting will be unprecedented. I predict league prexy

Warren Giles will rule that all four teams simultaneously play the Yanks in the World Series.

This will give the Nationals (N.L.) an advantage and change odds to 11-5 favor the Yanks.

Although popular opinion has credited one Abner Doubleday with inventing baseball, it was actually created by an advertising agency as a promotion gimmick for shaving products.



A. Doubleday (fraud)



Doting, Plush and Harangue Adv. Co.

## finish in 1957.

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

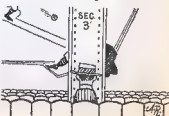
- (Tie) Brooklyn Milwaukee, St. Louis, Cincinnati.
- Leo Durocher (N.B.C.)
- Nashua
- (Tie) Chicago, Pittsburgh
- Robin Roberts
- New York
- Philadelphia
- Television viewers



'Hankus-Pankus'

Hank Greenberg (Cleveland, A.L.) will have to do the job for which he had tried to hire Leo Durocher (N.B.C. TV).

So, sportsfans, since you know what's going to happen this season you can stay home from the games and you'll still be one up on the average ardent fan.

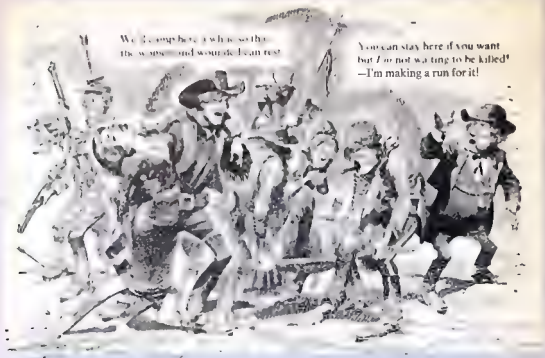


Ardent Sports Fan

## FLEEING THE APACHE...and "you know who" gets killed.

We'll camp here a while so that  
the women and wounded can rest.

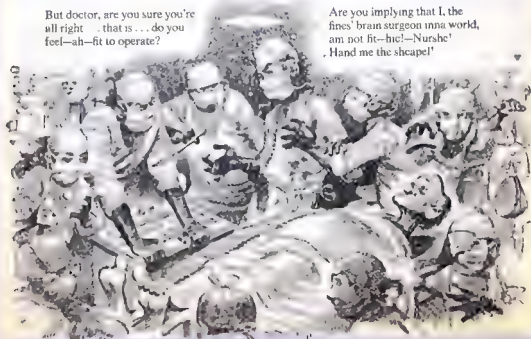
You can stay here if you want  
but I'm not waiting to be killed!  
—I'm making a run for it!



## THE OVERCONFIDENT SURGEON...and "you know who" gets killed.

But doctor, are you sure you're  
all right... that is... do you  
feel—ah—fit to operate?

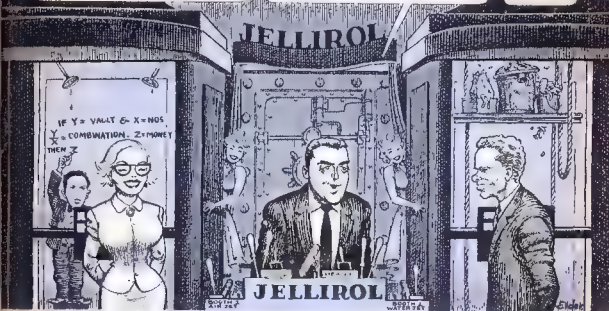
Are you implying that I, the  
fines' brain surgeon inna world,  
am not fit—hie!—Nurse!  
Hand me the sheapel!



I'm Jack Barrel, your MC for Twenty-Win. To play this game, we need two isolation booths, two crazy girls who spin out from behind to open the booth doors and an interesting challenger.

But mainly we need a champion who will win the heart of the observers . . . a champion who obviously goes through humility and torture in seeking answers to the questions. Such a champion we have here.

For the audience's benefit, sir, what is your name?



# TWENTY-WIN

One thing about this famous t.v. quiz game is that the rules are pretty complicated. It struck us that for the sake of whatever other groups might want to

play Twenty-Win, someone should record in print a demonstration of equipment and procedures for playing. So we did . . . on this and the following pages.



All kidding aside, I would like to quickly explain the rules to you. After our contestants, Mr. Van Moving and Miss VaVoom are locked in the booths, the signs light up . . . for the amount of money won . . . for the points for the sponsor . . . for someone's tilting

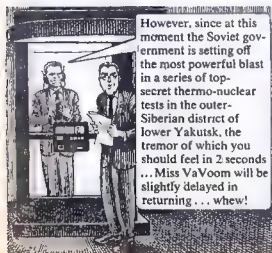
Mr. Van Moving has already won \$150,000. I am ready to ask him a question. He can hear me and I can hear him but she can't hear me but he can't hear her and I can't hear either one of them! No wonder, my earphones aren't plugged in!



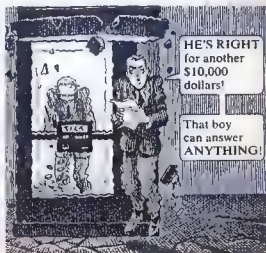
However, the real secret of the game's success is contestants like Mr. Van Moving That boy can answer ANYTHING!

Of course, we must have interesting challengers like Miss VaVoom in the other booth . . . I say! Where is Miss VaVoom?

Miss VaVoom stepped out to find her earring, a hammered gold pendant, set with a fake zircon, which is laying directly beneath the sponsor's booth



However, since at this moment the Soviet government is setting off the most powerful blast in a series of top-secret thermo-nuclear tests in the outer-Siberian district of lower Yakutsk, the tremor of which you should feel in 2 seconds . . . Miss VaVoom will be slightly delayed in returning . . . whew!



HE'S RIGHT for another \$10,000 dollars!

That boy can answer ANYTHING!



The next round of questions will be worth \$5000 which will be worth \$25,000 next round if he wins, which is actually \$2000 after taxes. However, if he loses, he forfeits the \$150,000 but will not lose what he's won. But he can choose not to lose or win if he wants



If he does not want to lose, he waves hanky 3 times and yells 'I quit!' She can quit first if he don't quit, but if he quits twice in a row, she can't quit. Now I can hear him but she can't hear him although I can hear her. She can hear me but he can't hear her and if she yells 'I quit', then a buzzer rings and a duck comes down with a prize because she said the secret word!



Now let's get down to the questioning. The category is the Thousand Islands. The question . name the only 5 of the Thousand Islands that weren't visited by the spotted snapping turtle last year.



first is Bali-Hi second is .Coney third is . let's see . Parris fourth Traffic fifth . Kong. Fifth is Kong! Whew!



HE'S RIGHT!

In 1839, the first settlers of Kong drew up an agreement, the great Kong document signed by three people! Can you name the printer who printed the forms used for document!



Never mind me answering you! Suppose you answer me for a change

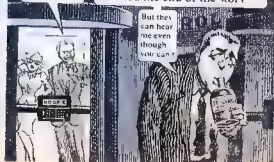
Mr. Van Moving! How come you aren't going through humility and torture anymore?

The answer to that one is easy. With my last answer, I won the program!



From now on, I'll ask the questions around here!

HE'S RIGHT! I hope we have clearly explained how you play Twenty-Win. And now, even though I can't hear you, you can't hear me . . . because we've reached the end of the story

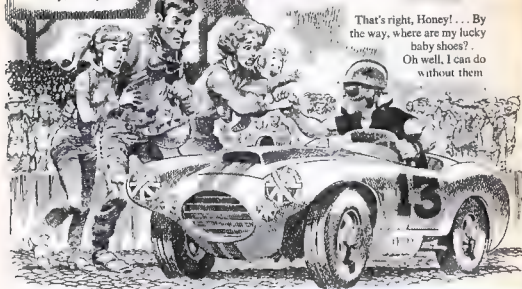


## THE HERO'S PAL RACES...and "you know who" gets killed.

Are you sure you feel up to driving today, Lucky?

Remember your promise! This is your last race and then you quit!

That's right, Honey! ... By the way, where are my lucky baby shoes? .  
Oh well, I can do without them



## SETTING THE STAGE...and "you know who" gets killed.

I invited you to the dinner party, Mr. Chan, because I have a strange feeling something dreadful is going to happen

Thank you so much, but excuse observation ... why does old man sit alone?

Nobody likes grandfather. Everyone in this room has some motive for hating him.

Hey pop! The lights are flickering out!

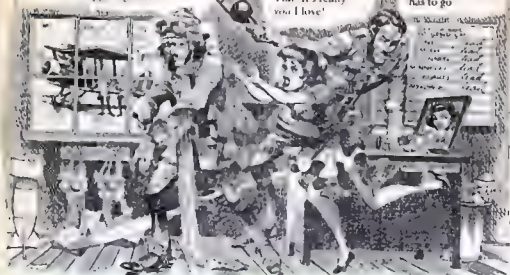


# MISSION AT DAWN...and "you know who" gets killed.

Goodbye! Someone has to go destroy the Beckflauten secret weapons works! I hope you two will be happy together

You mustn't go on this suicide mission, Tim! It's really you I love!

Really *he* she loves choke... yes someone has to go

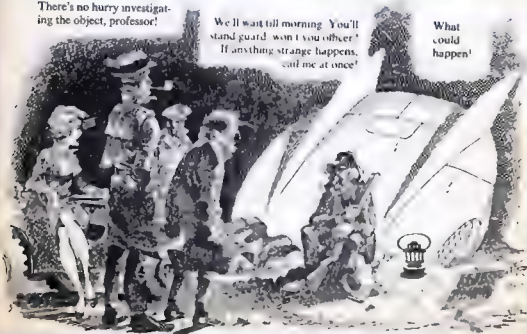


# THE THING FROM SPACE...and "you know who" gets killed.

There's no hurry investigating the object, professor!

We'll wait till morning. You'll stand guard, won't you officer? If anything strange happens, call me at once!

What could happen!

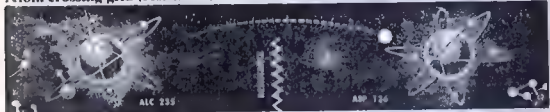


## DISCOVERY EXPLAINS ATOM FUSION

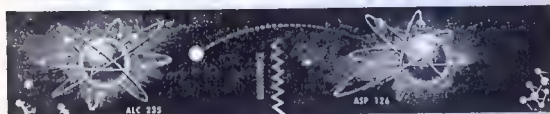
Latest development in atomic physics is a newly discovered principle of **PROTON-RECIPROCITY**. Researchers at Los Miralane laboratories call it key to all sorts of

hideous mysteries of nature, including the previously unanswered riddle, "when is a beta-ray not a beta-ray?" Answer: "When it's just meson around." Note following diagrams.

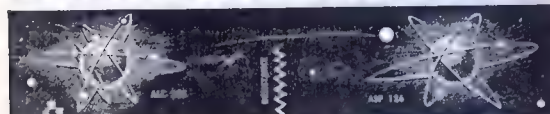
Atom crossing grid (resistance) now seen as result of **PROTON-RECIPROCITY**.



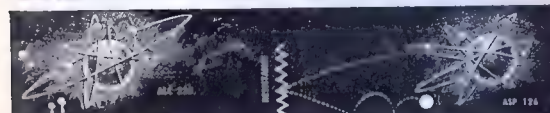
Here Murine isotope (Alc 235) bombards Absorbine atom (Asp 126) over electric grid with fast proton.



Absorbine atom returns (reciprocates) proton with quick flip of its outermost electron.



Murine atom rattles, snaps vicious backhanded drive over edge of electric grid into far left corner.



Absorbine fades back to receive, catches fast proton on slippery rim of its orbit, fouls, loses set.



Nuclear fusion occurs when Murine atom jumps over electric grid to console dejected opponent. The previously unexplained action is now seen as a

result of successful proton exchange. A later match between Larvex atom and an isotope of Listerine was called on account of cosmic radiation.

ef

England, in the Year of Our Lord 1746, was torn by dissension. The Queen's faction, headed by Warren of Hastings with the loyal aid of France's Count D'Meme-Chose, was plotting an anti-Spanish alliance with the Holy Roman Empire and the Palatinate. The King's faction, led by Guise, Earl of Essence, sought instead an alliance with the Saracen, and the Earl was ready to go so far as to sign a secret treaty with the Czar. Richelieu, disturbed by the development of events, vacillated between the two, and only the Huguenots, tied as they were by bonds of kinship and blood to Austro-Hungary, and influenced by the sinister figure of Oliver Cromwell, followed an unswerving path. No one knew in which direction the Winter King would turn, and over all loomed the shadow of Napoleon. Into this maelstrom grimly strode Philip IV of Spain. Lenin remained non-committal. Little wonder that heads rolled in the Tower, and that on the streets of London Warren of Hastings, at the head of his faithful band, often clashed with the hired cutthroats and Pomeranian mercenaries brought to England by Guise, the Earl of Essence.

\* \* \*

Through a dark street, disguised only by a cloak over his face, Warren of Hastings sped toward the Palace. Two public letter writers whispered in a corner. The cry of the fishwives could be heard over the shouts of the children laughing and clapping as the dancing bear performed in the streets thick with cutpurses. In a few moments, Warren of Hastings was in the Queen's bedchamber where he took the cloak from his face and murmured, "My lady!"

She walked toward him slowly, her dark hair gleaming under a caul of tinsel, her arms outstretched. "Warren of Hastings," she whispered, "swordsmen, warrior, balladeer, courtier, pamphleteer, lover, poet, and patriot!"

He seized her roughly, importunately, and drew her to the window where he laid his cheek athwart her heaving bosom. She yielded momentarily, then turned her face to the darkening sky. "Not now," she whispered, "not now." Then, "Marry," she said, "notice yon white clouds."

"Not so white as thy teeth," he replied, "nor half so regular."

Again she freed herself from his embrace. "God wot, Warren, even now my Earl of Guise is approaching Duncanfayne with a horde of Pomeranians. 'Tis said they will lay siege to Duncanfayne this night!"

Warren of Hastings leaped back, his hand instinctively clutching his sword's hilt. "Duncanfayne, where my lady has hidden her treasures!"

She nodded quietly and only a tear betrayed her thoughts.

"And my liege, the King?" asked Warren of Hastings.

"Carousing with Gisette of Lyons." She said it without bitterness although a trace of irony hardened her voice. "Little does he know that Gisette of Lyons is in the pay of Richelieu!"

"More fool he!" murmured Warren of Hastings.

"Sir!" cried the Queen, stirred to sudden wrath, "you are speaking of our lord, the King!"

Warren of Hastings dropped to his knees and pressed her hand against his lips. "Forgive me, dear lady," he pleaded. "I forgot myself."

"I forgive you," she said, forcing his head against the pillow.

\* \* \*

"Even now Warren of Hastings, the Keeper of the Gelded Unicorn, is closeted in the Queen's chamber while we march on Duncanfayne," spat Guise as he rode his charger through the murky night, followed by a horde of Pomeranians.

Across the channel rose a faint glow from the fire whereon Joan of Arc was burning. Hammel de Vyl, the Earl's companion and master spy, smiled a dry smile. "More fool he," muttered Hammel.

The Earl snarled lightly. "Is all prepared?"

Again Hammel laughed, but with no trace of humor. "The guards are bribed, the moat is down, the bridge is up, and our agent has spavined all the spears in Duncanfayne. Warren of Hastings wots not of this."

"Well done, Hammel de Vyl," remarked the Earl, tossing him a bag of doubloons.

\* \* \*

The four-master leaned to the wind, the night foam spraying her bow.

"Wet the sails, ye slobberers!" shouted the captain, his teeth trembling in the gale. "Jettison the cargo!"

The sailors sprang to, and overboard went casks, barrels of sprawns, cauls of lichen, two farthingales, and a huge tusk of billingsgate. Leaning against the mainmast, his feet on the mizzen, his face turned to the flying spray, was Warren of Hastings. Near him stood the faithful Edward Masterfield, a youth whose courage



and sword most closely matched those of Warren himself.

"God wot, Edward," cried Warren, "little does Guise reckon that we shall cut him off at Duncanfayne by sea this night!"

"More fool he," said Edward, his mouth making a grim line as his forefinger tested the edge of his sword.

From the crow's nest far aloft came a sudden call, "Land ahoy!" All eyes turned to the starboard where, across the bow, faintly glimmered the lights from the storm-tossed battlements of Duncanfayne.

Within an hour's time the good ship *Aphrodite* had tied up alongside and a group of silent men, their faces in their cloaks, slipped ashore.

In bloodstained Duncanfayne, Guise, the Earl of Essence, and Hammel de Vyl saw victory within their grasp. Then the Queen would sing a different tune indeed! Richelieu and the Winter King would have to retreat, and the counsel of the Earl of Essence would carry new weight in Venice before the whole province went to the Doges! Even the crown—it was not impossible, nay, it was probable—might revert to the Earl himself, once the King had become sufficiently involved in his wild dream of an *entente* with *Bruit van Hooten* of Holland!

The Earl himself led his men to the gates of the treasury. But suddenly the door swung open, a strong hand reached out and pulled the Earl within. The door immediately slammed shut against his Pomeranian followers.

Bewildered, the Earl looked about. The floors were strewn with the Queen's jewelry. Upon the table four candles gave the vault its only light. Lined against the walls were the followers of the Queen's faction, and there in the center, his merry eyes still twinkling, stood Warren of Hastings, Keeper of the Gelded Unicorn.

"Sblood!" cried Guise.

"How now, Guise," answered Warren, brushing back an unruly lock of curly hair.

"Got wot!" retorted the Earl.

"Marry!" laughed Warren in rejoinder, "Shall we try the temper of our swords?"

Guise blanched. "Your men," he said, indicating the band that stood against the walls.

"My retinue will not interfere, will you, retinue?"

"Nay, God wot!" they cried as one man.

"Then, have to!" shouted Warren, unsheathing his blade.

The Earl leaped back and bared his sword to

the candlelight. For a moment they fenced cautiously. Then the swords locked at the hilt and the two faces met and almost touched. "I shall carve thee for a roast," hissed Guise.

"Let us see who does the roasting and who does the eating," rejoined Warren between clenched teeth.

They separated. The blades flashed. The Earl advanced, taking the offensive. Skillfully, Warren parried the quick thrusts as he retreated around the table. At that moment he caught the eye of Edward Masterfield and turned to smile. It was a mistake of overconfidence, for in that very moment of turning, Guise's swift blade thrust in, cut through doublet, lumpkin, ruffe, and wattles, drawing a thin line of blood upon Warren's shoulder.

"Sblood!" cried Warren of Hastings. Quickly he turned to the offensive and brought the duel to the Earl, his lightning blade catching the fine glints of the candlelight. Another bold thrust forward, and bright steel cut flesh on Guise's thigh. Guise withdrew, but Warren was relentless. A few sudden parries, a feint, an *entrechat*, and to the hoarse cry of "Long live the Queen!" a slender blade shot forward and pierced the Earl's throat.

Warren sighed. "Now open the doors," he ordered his men. The doors swung wide. The Pomeranians advanced, but catching sight of the Earl, now dead, they fell back with a cry of horror, and crossed the Channel.

"A good night's work," murmured Edward Masterfield weakly, as he drew a Pomeranian arrow, shot by a fleeing malcontent, from his abdomen.

\* \* \*

It was a gay and lighthearted Warren of Hastings who brought the jewels to the Queen's chamber. Although she had lost neither whit nor tittle of her regal bearing, her eyes spoke for her as she said, "You may kiss me, Warren of Hastings."

"And now, beloved lady," cried Warren of Hastings, "on to the War of the Roses!"

Her eyes filled with tears. "Honor will always take thee further afoot than love," she sighed.

"God wot," he replied, bowing his head. Through the window the sun rose on the battlements and on the triumphant standards of the Queen.

Warren of Hastings silently arose from bed and removed his hat.

England was safe.

END

# INTRIQUE IN THE MIDDLE EAST



УРНАЛИСТА!



В. С. С.

*HUMBUG! the only  
magazine that prints*

# MONEY

You know how in magazines and newspapers, they print pictures of coins to attract your attention. Quick to follow current trends, our magazine presents herewith, fine reproductions of assorted change. And as a pleasant surprise bonus to our readers, we present at the right, a perfect reproduction of a five dollar bill which we would like you to cut out and change at the corner drug-store. Then be a good sport and send some of the change to us for a subscription to HUMBUG.

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NEW YORK 22, NEW YORK. PLEASE  
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ON A SEPARATE SHEET OF PAPER.



turned to the Earl, his lightning blue eyes glints of the candlelight. Another thrust forward, and bright steel cut Guise's thigh. Guise withdrew, but Warren relentless. A few sudden parries, a feint, a rochat, and to the hoarse cry of "Long Queen!" a slender blade shot forward, pierced the Earl's throat.

Warren sighed. "Now open the doors, ordered his men. The doors swung open. Pomeranians advanced, but catching the Earl, now dead, they fell back with a roar, and crossed the Channel.

"A good night's work," murmured Masterfield weakly, as he drew a long arrow, shot by a fleeing malcontent, pierced his abdomen.

It was a gay and lighthearted group of young men and women who brought the jewels to the chamber. Although she had no tittle of her regal bearing, for her as she said, "You may call me the Queen of Hastings."

Wilder and wilder grew when he heard her murmurous, "No, no, no, heart's puppet, and he could not be English, Scotch, or Latin but drew her still closer as the silence deepened and ecstatic silence.

Outside the palace two men whispered in a corner. They could be heard over the noise of the laughing and clapping as the guests thied

## A WORD OF CAUTION:

Check your copy of HUMBUG at the newsstand—the rascally newsdealer may have cut out your \$5.00 bill for himself.